

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XV.

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay, in sending for one, he is willing to take me as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favor, and she said, with a tone of like candor: "You are right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he waded his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, I know far more about you. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my Cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for the interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen, more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace everything, from the difficulties of Ireland, to the puzzling embarrassment of a clever young man who has everything in his favor in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? Do I not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birth-place, we are both Bohemians!"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said: "I seal the bargain."

"And swear to it?"

"I swear to it," cried he.

"There, that is enough. Let us go back, or, rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE TWO "KEARNEYS."

A visit to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged, fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life and his amusements, and Kate was quite satisfied to accept any gaiety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls,

and picnics, and charming rides in the Phoenix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshiped afar off with the "awfully jolly girls" whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth told; just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy-tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowth of economy that ran through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but perhaps, more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasures of the meeting; so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelor's Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years' standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that £1,000 or £1,800 a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a very long seance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick, at the time of the message, was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded

snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there anything up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me: 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way toward the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden implements and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, sir. He is often terribly hard up, and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in anything dishonorable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honorable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobles—or swells, I believe you call them—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! you have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without anything in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom McKeown, of Abbey street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. A. V. you

needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think anything but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel nowadays; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom McKeown is one of the keenest fellows I know; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place: one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be a law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America, and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, sir. These would amount to a revolution."

(To be continued.)

Great Pacific Tea Co., 213 St. James street, near G.R. Station, invite you to call and sample our Tea for yourself.

WAIT A BIT.—Friendly stranger, who insists upon shaking hands: To think that we have been neighbours for ever so long, and I didn't know it. Yet your face seems familiar to me. I am sure I've seen you somewhere before. Bashful neighbour: At the Ultratorium Club, maybe? Friendly stranger: Of course. I don't go much to the club, though. Such a mixed lot. Are you often there? Bashful neighbour, becoming still more bashful: Oh yes, sir; I'm there every day. Friendly stranger: Old member, I suppose? Bashful neighbour: No, sir, head waiter.—Judy.

MONTREAL, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, pricking in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 174 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 28th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street. Sir.—I suffered for 22 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailing. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine. I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope, for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BODINER, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 18th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. SISTER OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Hubert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER THOMAS CORBIN, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

**NO OTHER** Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.